

## The Critic

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### Literature

#### Morley's "English Writers." Vol. IV.\*

SOME ONE was boasting to the Sicilian Alphonse of powerful Rome, mighty Venice, rich Florence, populous Milan. 'Say no more,' said the Sicilian; 'as for me, give me little Carioncillo, where I was born and bred.' Prof. Morley's endeavor illustrates the same patriotic principle: 'Give me,' he virtually cries, 'not the whole world: only a little corner of it, where I may make myself at home, build a nest like a stork in a chimney, and pass my days in comfortable research.' In this way began his encyclopædic work on English literature—the segment of the great world-literature which he has chosen as his own. Yet small as this segment is, it lengthens, curves, swells, like an arc of any other circle, stretching from narrow beginnings into the illimitable, and impinging in its sweep on all other literatures. The ancients figured the Muses dancing with linked hands through nine arcs of a perfect orb—poetry, memory, history and the rest joined in a flowing curve that met at the other extreme. So with English literature or any other literature: it inevitably joins others like the globules of a string of pearls on a thread. The Saxon, the Celtic, the Norman, the Italian, the Spanish, the French, the German, the cosmopolitan influences have to be traced in their concatenated development; and the result is that this narrow angle of the universal world, this ingle-neuk of history, these *augusta res domi*, widen out into a continent, an ocean, a story of universal human thought, a tell-tale of universal interest. It is like touching a tonic bell that causes all the other tonic bells in the neighborhood to ring.

Prof. Morley recognizes this interpenetration of influences and from the start has made the discussion of it the valuable characteristic of his literary history. In the present volume he takes up the Fourteenth Century, and clears the way by deliberate and thorough literary cleansing for the great and luminous figures of Chaucer and Wyclif. The *débris* of the Fourteenth Century, so to speak, is gathered, sifted, winnowed, examined in this volume, and the few gleaming jewels like Langland and Maundeville are picked from the rubbish, polished anew by the emery of criticism, and wrought into newer and daintier settings for the literary appreciation of connoisseurs. That famous art which Ronsard described as 'l'art de bien Petrarquiser,' is here set forth in a comprehensive chapter in which the Petrarchan love-song and the Boccacciesque story are fully described, and their influence on the English Petrarchists and Boccaccio imitators is intelligently set forth. All the world knows the story of this duet of friends and how one twined about the other with note and comment as the vine about the elm. In Chaucer, Boccaccio lives anew, though baptized with a baptism of poetic fire which has wonderfully transformed the gay spirit of the Decameronist; while Petrarch and Boccaccio together lit a flame in France which shines and pulsates to-day; and both play like laughing electric light against the thundercloud of Dante, just in their

background. Prof. Morley touches cursorily on the 'Romaunt of the Rose' and the French mystics and makers of allegory who delighted in these interminable fables. The Miracle Plays, the Cursor Mundi, the Chronicle writers, and the rubbishy writings of John Gower come in for chapters of their own; while 'the Pricke of Conscience,' 'the Ayenbite of Inwyte,' and Langland's 'Vision' are more or less elaborately analyzed. Prof. Skeat's numerous editions of the latter are fitly eulogized, and the gist of the poem is given in a not unreadable paraphrase. Linguistically, for the forms and final shape which the English tongue took under the domination of the Midland dialect, the Fourteenth Century is all-important; æsthetically, it is a waste of insipidity in which Chaucer and Wyclif tower aloft like pillars of sparkling salt giving savor to their surroundings.

A rapid run through this volume shows but the crust of the bivalve; the jewelled interior is reserved for Part II., where the Pilgrim of Canterbury is finally and fully discussed, new elaboration is given to the theme of the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' and Wyclif, the great Bible translator and reformer, is taken up. Prof. Morley does not, it seems to us, give space enough to that delightful creature Maundeville, who, whether a mere *voici umbra* or not, first 'travailed' into foreign parts to the delectation of English readers, and brought back a wallet full of wonders for them to ruminate on. Reading him is like entering a fresh wonderland full of paynim and paladin, marvels of the sea and town, a region abounding in such 'jests' as we find in the ever-charming 'Gesta Romanorum.'

#### Battles and Leaders of the Civil War\*

THE THIRD and fourth volumes of the *Century War* articles cover the period from the autumn of 1862 to the end of the War. Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, the Shenandoah, Petersburg, Five Forks and Appomattox in the East—Perryville, Murfreesboro, Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Atlanta and Nashville in the West—the march to the sea, Charleston, Mobile and Fort Fisher in the South. The authors are Grant, Sherman, J. E. Johnston, Buell, Hood, Howard, Longstreet, Early, D. H. Hill, Slocum, W. F. Smith, Hunt, Gillmore, and others almost equally well-known. The illustrations—maps, plans, diagrams, photographs and sketches—are legion in number and all excellent. Altogether it is a marvellous production—original in conception, admirable in execution. These articles carried the circulation of the magazine to the unprecedented number of 250,000 copies, and probably reached an audience of between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 hearers and readers. They are now brought together in permanent form in four large volumes, and take their place in the great library of Rebellion literature. It is safe to say that no historian of the Rebellion will venture to write without making himself thoroughly familiar with their contents. They may not be history, but they contain those views and opinions of the actors in a great historical drama which no historian can venture to disregard, and they give a picture of the times which can not be found in any other books.

The articles by Grant were reprinted in his 'Personal Memoirs'; the one article by Sherman is a disquisition on the strategy of the last year of the War. The story of Gettysburg is well told by Longstreet and Hunt, and Atlanta is described by Howard and Hood. W. F. Smith and A. S. Webb do what they can to prove that Grant was deficient in generalship at Chattanooga and the Wilderness, and on the other hand F. A. Walker argues vigorously in support of the theory that 'at Gettysburg the Army of the Potomac had [in Meade] a commander in every sense.' Meade's and Sickles's views in regard to the question whether the latter took a wrong position at Gettysburg are given at length in their own letters; and Howard explains as well as he can

\* English Writers. By Henry Morley. Vol. IV. The Fourteenth Century. In Two Books. Book I. \$1.50. New York: Cassell & Co.

\* Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. Edited by R. U. Johnson & C. C. Buel. Vols. 3 and 4 (parts 17 to 38). \$4. per vol. New York: The Century Co.

the rout of his corps at Chancellorsville. The vexed question of Warren's relief from his command at Five Forks is not discussed in any of the articles, the editors contenting themselves with giving a brief summary of the findings of the Court of Inquiry; but as if to make up for this omission J. E. Johnston once more defends his retreat before Sherman in Georgia, and labors at length to prove the incompetence of Jefferson Davis and his responsibility for the disasters which overtook the Confederacy. Slocum describes Sherman's operations in the Carolinas, and Hood tells his own story of his invasion of Tennessee and the battle of Nashville; Cushing gives a vivid account of his daring exploit in blowing up the Albemarle, and Horace Porter of Grant's staff recites the epilogue, in the operations from Five Forks to Appomattox. The curtain being down and the lights all out, the Confederate Gen. Basil Duke meets us at the door to tell how the survivors straggled to their homes.

The general effect of the two volumes is that of a composite photograph. The distinctive, characteristic, and typical features of the time are here permanently preserved, and form a picture wholly different from any other war. And we not only have the composite result, but the individuals are also given for separate examination. Of the historical value of these papers it is impossible to form too high an estimate. Imagine that within the same covers two generations or more ago Napoleon and Prince Hohenlohe had given us their impressions of Jena, Grouchy and Blücher had told us of their respective marches at Waterloo, Soult and Lichtenstein had described the ice and frozen mud, the flanking movements, the charge and rout at Austerlitz—of what priceless value would such articles be! Equally priceless is the result of the labors of the editors of this work. They have constructed a great historical mosaic of the American War. The historian will study in it the opinions of the chief actors in the great struggle, and successive generations will turn to it to get the original tone and color of the time.

#### "Leigh Hunt as Poet and Essayist"

'THE CRITIC is often an unsuccessful author,' said Leigh Hunt (essay on Keats), in a sentence closely paralleled by one of Lord Beaconsfield's; consequently, not to bring ourselves under the insidious category, we will abstain from criticising this pleasant volume which, like Burns's flower, is 'wee, modest, crimson-tipped,' bound in a warm scarlet that would have delighted the color-loving eye of the poet-essayist. Shelley found one delightful spot in Italy where he thought it would be a joy to be buried, and where eventually the heart of him lay, under the shadow of the triangle of Cestius.

In this scarlet-coated volume with its spotless white leaves lie the thoughts of a man dear in many ways to Americans, for in his veins ran American blood both on his father's and on his mother's side, and he preserved a sturdy independence which long before he was born had become an American characteristic. In the charming grace and learning of his essays Leigh Hunt (*pace* G. Saintsbury, in the April *Macmillan's*) occupies a sunny spot midway between Addison and Lang—a spot looking backward on the rather arctic humor and pleasantry of *The Spectator* and *Tattler*, and forward to those bright and vivid corners of *The Saturday Review* and *The Athenaeum* where an Attic nightingale occasionally sings, or a witty lampoonist scores some moral solecism of the day, or a lay-preacher lifts up a melodious voice and protests against a current materialism or a fashionable craze. Addison's edges and angles were rounded into curves by the flowing pen of Hunt and Hazlitt; the acidity of Swift has become one of those potable vinegars that taste sweet to the lips and tingle on the palate under the refined brewing of modern satirists.

\* Leigh Hunt as Poet and Essayist. Being the Choicest Passages from his Works. Selected and edited, with a Biographical Introduction, by C. Kent. \$1.50. F. Warne & Co.

To have been an intermediary to such results is one of the glories of Leigh Hunt, and one of the roadways from the Eighteenth to the Nineteenth Centuries is paved with his random essays and editorials—Augustan marble where before was often brick. His abounding animal spirits survived even an intimacy with Byron, the death of Keats, and the burial of Shelley; the 'vinous quality of his mind,' in Hazlitt's phrase, being a 'bright light wine':

Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance and Provencal song and sunburnt mirth,

in the words of Dowden. No writer of his day was more steeped in modern and ancient lore: he loved Italy as Brennus and his Gauls did after they had tasted its vintage; he loved Gaul and its Ver-Vert; he loved the old romances, Arthur, Merlin, and the rest of them; and he fairly revelled in old Pepys. It was as easy for him to write a sonnet 'On a Lock of Milton's Hair' as to gather 'A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla'; he sang the 'Story of Rimini' and of 'Hero and Leander.' 'Abou ben Adhem' has become immortal in his verse, and Arabian spires peep out of 'Mahmoud.' On every page of this representative selection his broad sympathies are revealed—sympathies that could take in 'Pope's eternal enamel,' the novels of Charlotte Smith and Miss Seward's poetry, as well as the architecture of St. Paul's and the lampoons of Elia. How genially he writes of 'A Day by the Fire,' or 'On the Rare Vice Called Lying'! And how he alternates such scintillations with the traffic of Piccadilly, or a comparison between Cowley and Thompson, or a dip into Harrington's 'Ariosto' that leaves on his memory a 'taste of chips.' When he swoops down on Anacreon it is with a joyous flutter of his literary wings: here is at last a thoroughly congenial as well as genial subject; and no sooner do his doves settle among the vine-leaves than he is off to Mme. de Sévigné and her son with his 'soul of pap' and 'heart of a cucumber fried in snow.' Such at least are the famous sayings of Ninon de l'Enclos about him. Wax and honey never come in closer contact than did Leigh Hunt and all these goodly personages: in all he finds sweetness, soundness, sunniness; for even the wax though cold is of a golden color and is in itself a marvellous bit of mathematics.

Umbrella-like he spreads his appreciation above all and over all, and beneath it they grow wanton with kindly eulogy, poetic comment, and sympathetic how-do-ye-does. He is not so sympathetic, however, as to 'make heaven drowsy with the harmony.' A delicious discord occasionally breaks in and relieves the satiety. He himself records the end of Bruce, the traveller, who, after all his perils by flood and field, from wars, from wild beasts, from deserts, from savage nations, broke his neck by falling down his own staircase at home!

#### Three "English Men of Action"

THREE agreeable little volumes wherewith to while away a useful hour are the numbers of the English Men of Action Series devoted to Henry V., Lord Lawrence and David Livingstone. In the first of these (1), Mr. Church has essayed the rôle of iconoclast, striving with the power of logic and the mustering of authorities to destroy one of the few delusions which have been left to us. It seems to him that we must no longer believe in our Prince Hal—our joyous, our gay, our improvident young prince, our companion of Falstaff and of Poins, our reckless young heir to the throne, consorting with the wits and the shabby-genteel spend-thrifts and tavern-haunters of the year of our Lord 1400 or thereabouts. The ruthless writer of this little volume assures us that never did such a fanciful prince exist in England, and that the Bard of Avon drew his false portrait from the play of a false playwright who has long since crossed the river of forgetfulness. So be it. We are accustomed to these disappointments. We are hardened to the blows

\* 1. Henry the Fifth. By A. J. Church. 2. Lord Lawrence. By Sir R. Temple. 3. David Livingstone. By Thomas Hughes. 60 cts. each. New York: Macmillan & Co.



of the demolishers of delusions, and yet we continue (and we glory in it) to cherish the most transparent of delusions. We have not the least doubt in the world that the reverend author has lingered by the tomb of Arthur and by the hut of William Tell, and yet we all know that both Arthur and William Tell have long since been exorcised from their haunts by Severn and Lucerne. So we shall continue to indulge our own delusions, and shall still cherish the memories, which time and custom have made so dear to us, of the reckless youth of the splendid hero of Agincourt, and we shall think none the less of him, though we cannot convince ourselves that he did not temper the air of the Welsh march with deep draughts of spiced mull, or dismiss the fogs of Dover and Calais with potations of the wines of Burgundy. Yes, we can even rest persuaded that he wandered the streets of London or the lanes thereby with a retinue which would not have passed muster at Westminster.

The Life of Lord Lawrence (2) is told by the tongue of a friend who knew him well and was his colleague in his Indian life—the life where he earned his glory. It is told with the same close knowledge of the man which makes Butler's life of Gordon so delightful, but with an added degree of impartiality. After a brief sketch of Lawrence's early life, the narrative carries us to India, his home and sphere of duty for almost thirty-five years. And what a wealth of English history is embraced in that brief span! Ruler of the Punjab but just annexed to England's Indian empire, passing through all grades of promotion in the civil service, and, after the dreadful time of the mutinies, appointed Governor-General, Lawrence's history is the history not only of the most important part of India, but of India itself from eighteen hundred and forty-nine to eighteen hundred and sixty-nine. A man of inflexible purpose but of wonderful adaptation, of versatile resources and perfect master of the Indian character and the Indian law, brave in the face of dangers which appalled professional soldiers but could not appall him who was but a civilian, few, if any of the long roll of the governors of England's eastern empire have achieved more durable or more just renown. This Life of Lawrence contains many lessons which all men in high position might wisely ponder.

The story of the Scotch hero Livingstone is told by Thomas Hughes with sympathy, accuracy and appreciation, and in the characteristic style of the author of 'Tom Brown at Oxford,' albeit in sobered and chastened diction. Despite the many lives of the great African explorer and missionary already written, there is room for this sprightly narrative of action. The seventeen chapters are short, crisp, and crowded with incident. One who reads these two hundred pages ought to be a better man—proud of his country if he be a Briton, and of his humanity, if he be not. The final chapter discusses the situation of European politics in Africa. A good colored map shows the course of Livingstone's travels in the Dark Continent.

#### Four Books of Verse\*

FRESH little books of verse, exhalings a distinctively English fragrance, are Rowe Lingston's 'Verses of Country and Town' (1) and its successor, 'Woodland and Dreamland' (2). The writer, though perhaps somewhat slight in comparison, belongs to the same hearty company of singers as Thornbury, and Doyle, and Kingsley in his 'brave North-easter' mood, when his imagination dashed off through sleet and snow after the pack. The fox-hunting poems in Mr. Lingston's books are full of spirit—'A Beast of Chase,' for instance, and the ballad in praise of staunch old 'Woodman,' surest of hounds. Much as the sportsman-singer loves the moment

When hounds in the cover  
Wheel like a flock of plover;

\* 1. Verses of Country and Town. By Rowe Lingston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 2. Woodland and Dreamland. By Rowe Lingston. London: Griffith, Farran & Co. 3. A Little Brother of the Rich. By E. S. Martin. \$1. New York: Mitchell & Miller. 4. Poems. By Dora Greenwell. 40 cts. T. Whittaker.

And blither than a peal of bells they throw their silver tongues,  
he loves, too, Reynard's cleverness and cool courage, and is forced to exclaim at the crisis

I'd give twenty pounds were he safe in his wood!

He has, indeed, a healthy fondness for all living creatures, fur-clad or feather-clad; he notes lovingly the ways of birds, and gives us an amusing sketch of his pet black cat,

As spick and span as a clergyman,  
As glossy as a mole.

In the city he lingers to watch with delight the velvet muzzles of the tired horses dipped into the waters of the drinking-fountain, while the comrade dog laps from the trough below. Next to the songs of sport in these volumes we place two excellently simple ballads, one on a theme derived from Pepys's Diary, the other relating the manner of Simon de Montfort's death at Evesham. In 'Woodland and Dreamland' are included two translations from Mistral's 'Mirèio.' The general effect of these verses is bright and blithe; now and again a strain of sadness occurs, but it is the not unhealthful sadness of a sunshiny day, born of the very perfection of the weather.

An exceedingly bright little book of verse is E. S. Martin's 'A Little Brother of the Rich' (3). Among its many good things there is nothing better than the title poem, happy in conception and neat in execution; the rhyme of a kindly soul, who, finding the poor and their concerns quite monopolized by the charitable 'Little Sister,' strives through life

To share and mollify  
The trials of abounding wealth.

These verses vary in quality, but the best of them have unusual point and sparkle. How pleasant is the surprising turn in 'Crumbs and Comfort':

Hear humankind responsive groan,  
'Man cannot live by bread alone!'  
Oh, tell me, Sibyl, tell me whether  
A man might live on bread—together!

And how the ideal view of farm-life in 'Procul Negotiis' tickles the fancy:

I think that if I had a farm,  
I'd be a man of sense;  
And if the day was bright and warm  
I'd sit upon the fence,  
And calmly smoke a pensive pipe,  
And think about my pigs;  
And wonder if the corn was ripe;  
And counsel *l'homme qui diges*.

Mr. Martin's humor seems of the kind that is rooted in mellow good-sense. Among these merry trifles appear a few graver poems, such as the manly tributes to Grant and Folger—each slightly faulty in form.

A selection from the poems of Dora Greenwell has been edited for the Canterbury Poets by William Darling (4). In the introduction the story of her life is briefly told and the characteristics of her poetry pointed out. She sang mainly in a minor key, on religious and domestic themes. She was a poet for common people, having some facility as a versemaker, but few real gifts as a poet. Her poetry is all commonplace—of about the same quality as that of Eliza Cook. What popularity she gained was owing to her religious poems and essays, which attracted many people by their mysticism. She was an ardent admirer of Mrs. Brown-ing, and followed the same religious tendencies.

#### Adams's "Manual of Historical Literature"\*

A NEW EDITION of this valuable book cannot fail of hearty recognition from all historical students. Several hundred new titles have been added, and the bibliography of mediæval literature has been greatly amplified. It is, nevertheless, a matter of regret that a book so helpful should preserve in its third edition some marks of carelessness, and give oc-

\* A Manual of Historical Literature. By Charles Kendall Adams. Third edition. \$2.50. New York: Harper & Bros.

casion for criticism by the omission of important works. A serious defect is the oft-repeated failure to mention new editions of well-known authors, or the completion of histories which at the time of the first edition of the 'Manual' were still unfinished. To give but two or three examples of this fault, the old notice of Weber's 'Weltgeschichte,' as issuing from the press 1859-81, still remains, although a new edition, in every way superior to the old, has just been completed. Still more to be deplored is the description of Lecky's 'England in the Eighteenth Century' as a work in 'two' volumes. No definite mention of the latest volumes of S. R. Gardiner is to be found even in the general summary at the close of the chapter on English history; and in its special statement (pp. 485-6) only the older numbers are referred to. Omissions of some importance may be mentioned. A number of Ranke's less well-known but important monographs are neglected, and in the domain of the history of Germanic law and constitutions we look in vain for Eichorn's 'Deutsche Staats- und Rechtsgeschichte'; Daniel's 'Handbuch der Deutschen Reichs'; Walter's 'Deutsche Rechtsgeschichte', and the well-known work of Dr. J. F. von Schulte upon a like subject—a book which, though published first in 1881, has passed to its fifth edition, and has been translated into French. No mention is made of Herbert Tuttle's scholarly 'History of Prussia.' Inasmuch as Prof. Tuttle holds a Chair of History in Cornell University of which Dr. Adams is President, and is well-known as the American scholar who, all in all, is the master in Prussian history, we quite sympathize with the chagrin which Dr. Adams must feel over what is, of course, an entirely accidental neglect. The 'Life of Charles the Great' by Mombert is ignored, and so are the 'Memoirs of Greville' and the 'Correspondence of Croker.' In brief, the revised edition of the 'Manual' is a great improvement upon its predecessors mainly in the bibliographical summaries, but there remain some important defects, all perhaps arising from haste of preparation, which no doubt will be corrected in the future.

#### Recent Fiction

'THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSÉ,' by Frances Hodgson Burnett, is a short story of Madrid—a love-story full of the passionate vehemence of the South. Pepita had soft, languorous dark eyes, that lured men on to love her. But in her soul she had neither womanly compassion nor the tenderness that comes from loving. Scorn and a mocking merriment she felt even toward Sebastino, the brave young matador whom all the women adored when he stood so proud and courageous in the bull-fight. And she sent him away with little jibing taunts, and she laughed at his prophecy that some time she would know what suffering was, and that some time she would catch at the *devisa* which now she trod under her feet and pray for the love of its owner. And he went his way, and Pepita's eyes grew grave; and in a year it all came true. She knew what it was to love and to suffer, and the *devisa* which she caught and hid in her breast was covered with blood from his torn shoulder. Dramatic, simple as nature is simple, with a charm of youth and fervor, the story has through it the warm vivid coloring which comes to our cold northern clime only at the sunset hour, and which in Spain is the very day and nature and life itself. (\$1. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

IT IS THE novice in a game who wins, and the country debutante who makes the sensation or success of the season; and the triumphs won by Joan, 'The Country Cousin,' from the first hour of her life in London, were enough to turn her pretty head. Beautiful, ingenuous, high-spirited, shy, she had lived in the country with her austere parents, Lord and Lady Medhurst, and been snubbed and criticised until she seemed to herself the embodiment of every heinous social fault. But when she came to London with her delicious *naïveté* and childish delight in things that everybody else had long found a sham and a bore, in the balls and the races, in her own pretty gowns and the admiration she excited, and was praised and flattered where before she had been corrected, she lost her sweet timidity and became an imperious, vain little maid. Though she was never unlovable, she was often unlovely to the man who married her in the hope of having by his side that voice of credulity and joyous innocence which speaks to each from his own heart till the constant contradiction of sterner wisdom has

silenced it forever. For the old story quickly came to pass. Her youthful loveliness found place in the heart of a thoughtful, generous man, who had felt the weight of life and essayed to strike an average with its sombreness by loving this child. The story—one of the best that Frances Mary Peard has written—is brilliantly told; with the spontaneity of youth. The strokes of character are done with such swiftness, the actions are so much the outward expression of each being's *ego*, the incidents illustrate so subtly the truths of nature, that before we know it each character has reached the development of his own spiritual capacity, and the story is done. (40 cts. Harper & Bros.)

'THE REPROACH OF ANNESLEY,' by Maxwell Grey, is a story of intricate plot in which the author's nervous force is so expended in dovetailing cause and effect in order that the consequent incidents may present a smooth, unbroken plane of probability, that things more important than plot are sacrificed. Instead of the subtle development of character—the endogenous growth, as it were, which makes a man's outward deeds the fulfilment of the inward self, we have in the necessity for certain actions at fixed stations in the story an exogenous development which surrounds a man with a chain of events, the responsibility of whose goodness or villainy his character must perforce assume. The book has six principal characters: two girls, one of whom does not count in the complications of the story; three men, and a curse—although one is in doubt whether to class this spiritual element among the *dramatis personæ* or with the properties. Two of the men, being cousins, are also heirs to the curse, which they inherit at the same hour that they come into possession of a vast landed property. In turn they succeed one another in the possession of the accursed estate, and in turn the three men in the story fall in love with the heroine. In the end the division of honors is in this unequal wise: one cousin gets the curse, the other gets the estate and the girl, and one has himself to thank for getting nothing—not even the friendship of the heroine. The story is clever in spite of its cumbersome material and its heavy style, but it does not compare in interest with 'The Silence of Dean Madland.' (75 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

ONE OF THE novels in the No Name Series which attracted most attention was 'A Modern Mephistopheles,' which, it was soon known, came from the pen of Louisa M. Alcott, and is now published with her name. It was highly praised when it first appeared and was pronounced a wise and subtle study of a great spiritual theme. The characters are none of them wholly attractive, but they are such as enabled the author to show how the old temptation and weakness have yet their place in the world. The admirers of Miss Alcott will joyfully add this strong story to the number of her novels; and they will find in it an expression of her womanly soul. A brief story left in MS. at her death has been added to the novel to make up the present volume. 'A Whisper in the Dark' is a sad and yet a vigorously written story. (\$1.50. Roberts Bros.)—'THE MUSSET VOLUME,' in Brentano's Romantic Library, contains three charming little novelettes by Alfred de Musset: 'Margot,' 'The Beauty Spot,' 'Croisilles,' and a two-act comedy called 'Valentine's Wager.' These are introduced by some eulogistic and discriminating words on De Musset by the translator, E. de V. Vermont. (50 cts. Brentano's.)

'NIKANOR,' by Henry Gréville, is an interesting story of the life of a priest in the Russian Orthodox Church. Of illegitimate birth, deprived of the noble family name of his father, he was called Nikanor after the saint of the day, and grew up in the family of a priest as his own son. But the Count, his father, stood as god-parent and during Nikanor's life planned for him. He dissuaded him from entering the black priesthood in his adolescent days of ascetic enthusiasm, selected his wife, and at the solemn moment when his wife died acknowledged his relationship, and finally, when Nikanor was dying, some years after, for the love of his cousin whom near kinship would not permit him to marry, performed the supreme sacrifice of disowning him as his son, that Nikanor might die believing himself the consecrated husband of his cousin. The story is told with that absorption in the principal character of the book which characterizes Mme. Gréville's work. (50 cts. Rand, McNally & Co.)—'FREDERICK STRUTHERS' ROMANCE,' by Albert Ulmann, is a melancholy affair that begins in treachery and forgery and ends in suicide. The style of the book follows very closely after a certain class of French models that tell, in autobiographical form, the emotions and subjective sensations during some ultra-romantic incidents in the lives of four or five characters. Whatever merit such books have is usually obliterated by the loss of healthful balance due to the morbid concentration on one small phase of human nature. (50 cts. Brentano's.)



MR. HOWELLS is particularly successful as a writer of farces—and even farces have their use in the economy of literature. 'The Mouse-Trap' and its companion pieces are full of the brilliant repartee, the clever paradoxes and small-talk that have made the author's parlor-plays models of that light amusement which excites a gentle risibility without in the least taxing the reader's mental capacity. The book contains 'The Garroters,' 'Five o'Clock Tea,' 'The Mouse-Trap' and 'A Likely Story,' all of them delicate and racy in humor and spirited in treatment. The book is illustrated by C. S. Reinhart. (\$1. Harper & Brothers.)—

'TIME'S SCYTHE,' by Jane Valentine, is a novel of the sentimental sort. The moral to be extracted from it is that Time's scythe can cut away the underbrush of tangled memories that trip one's feet and leave a clear view of the ground one stands on and the path ahead. Such at least was the experience of a young wife, who, when she met her old lover a few years after her marriage, could honestly say that she loved her husband best. Barring a decided lack of taste, and a certain extraneous sensibility which detracts from its strength, the story is managed with easy skill. (50 cts. Cassell & Co.)

'THE PHANTOM FUTURE,' by Henry Seton Merriman, is a story of London life with a liberal allowance of the vicissitudes—romantic, financial, civil, and criminal—which are popularly supposed to constitute life in a great city. Certainly there is no dearth of material in the book, whose first scene opens with some satirical reflections upon life by a pretty and otherwise young barmaid, and whose climax arrives at the moment when in trying to escape from the burning chop-house she falls from an upper window and is killed. The characters of the men are excellent, and the story has decided ability and may be called entertaining in spite of the fact that everybody seems to be the victim of a secret and gnawing grief. Even the barmaid (her professional name was Lyra) had grown speculative under the pressure of the times, and had refused the suit of a rising young doctor lest her union with him should ruin his career. The hero is a man of robust will who knew how to serve a friend and how to keep a secret; the hero next but one was a man of brilliant promise, but he had heart-disease, and it was to him that the future was a phantom. (35 cts. Harper & Bros.)

FULL OF stirring out-door life and the hardier material of fiction, 'Far in the Forest,' by Dr. Weir Mitchell, has nevertheless some clever analysis of character. The scenes of the story are laid in the forest region above the Alleghany River, and the struggle for existence incident to life in a clearing has limited the *dramatis personæ*, with the exception of the hero and heroine, to those rugged natures who accept life under such froward circumstances. The romance of the tale is the love of a well-born German for an American lady whose husband had but lately died of a weak will and too much alcohol. The interest of the story lies chiefly in the vigorous pictures of out-door life, and in spite of certain crudities the offset of the book as a whole is that of a harmonious piece of work. (\$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—

'THE PATH TO FAME,' by Edward Ruben, is in form a novel and in purpose a discourse. Judging from the internal evidence furnished by his book, the author has neither that experience in the art of composition nor that originality of conception which is commonly deemed necessary to distinction in a literary career. The book, however, is serious, and serves the purpose of setting forth the author's views. (\$1. New York: O. Laukner.)

#### Magazine Notes

THE artistic treat of the month to magazine readers is to be found in Mr. Abbey's illustrations in *Harper's* to Præd's poem 'Quince.' They are full of quiet and delicate humor exactly in accord with that of the verses. The picture of the old fellow in his easy chair,

A single man but bent quite double,  
that of his partners at the whist-club, and the frontispiece which shows him punning between a couple of friends—one of whom is enjoying his fire and the other his chocolate, are among the best things that the artist has done. The mud, clods, brawn and big boots of Russian low life, and the carriages and other luxuries of the upper classes, are described by Vicomte de Vogüé in his second paper on 'Social Life in Russia.' Alfred Parsons illustrates Wordsworth's 'The Brook.' Mr. Warner's 'Little Journey in the World' is continued, and we are introduced to a modern book-collector apropos of whose rare editions in expensive bindings we are reminded that 'when books are treated with no more respect than the newspaper, it is a sign that literature is losing its power.' Yet Mr. Warner falls into the common error that Grolier was a book-binder.

Henry James lavishes the graces of his style upon 'Our Artists in Europe,' the pronoun referring particularly to the Harper periodicals, and 'Europe' being for the most part the village of Broadway, Worcestershire. The artists in question are Messrs. Abbey, Parsons, Millet, Boughton, Reinhart and Du Maurier. There are portraits of persons and places; and a very inviting place 'The Priory' at Broadway seems to be for an artist's studio. The speculations of Roche and Maxwell about Saturn's rings are repeated and endorsed by Prof. George H. Darwin. Montreal, with its divided society, its churches, markets, carnivals and toboggan-slides, is described by C. H. Farnham and illustrated by W. A. Rogers and Harry Fenn. Laurence Hutton's curious article on 'The Negro on the Stage' takes us back to old 'minstrel' days and shows us portraits, 'in character' and out of it, of Charles Dibdin, Ira Aldrich, Barney Williams as 'Dandy Jim,' T. D. Rice as 'Jim Crow,' Edwin P. and George Christy, 'Dan' Bryant, 'Nelse' Seymour and 'Eph' Horn. There are several good short stories, 'T'other Miss Mandy,' by Mamie Mayo Fitzhugh; 'Friendly Rivalry,' a tale of love and social science in the next century, by James Sully; and 'An Incident of the Irish Rebellion,' by Dr. William Howard Russell. 'Jupiter Lights' is continued. The Editor's Study treats of morality in Fiction, and says that an American or English novelist is practically as free as a French one to deal with immorality—but not in the magazines.

Mr. Kennan's article in the June *Century* describes the convict mines of Kara in Eastern Siberia, which he visited in the winter of 1885 after an eighty-mile horseback ride over snow-covered mountains, the river Skilka, which furnishes the ordinary means of communication, being full of floating ice. Though the mines are the personal property of the Tsar, the management of the prisons seems to be as bad as it well can be, the only inducement to good conduct on the prisoners' part being the permission accorded to build huts of their own where they are free from the foul air of the cells, and whence they have a chance to escape in the spring and take service with 'Gen. Kukushka' (the cuckoo); in other words, lead a wild life in the forests during the three months of summer. Edwin Brough writes learnedly of the English bloodhound, which, he contends, is not of similar extraction with the Spanish but was derived from the St. Hubert and was originally used in tracking wounded game. Their long narrow head, decked

With ears that sweep away the morning dew,  
is said by the writer to indicate their great scenting powers, of which he adduces instances from the Hon. Robert Boyle and others. Engravings after drawings by R. H. Moore show us some of the finest living specimens of the breed. Charles de Kay, in an article on 'Early Heroes of Ireland,' associates the heroes of the Ossianic romances with the gods of the Turanian and other pre-historic European races. The reader who cares about comparative mythology will find his paper entertaining and instructive. It might have been made easier reading for the novice by giving in all cases the phonetic equivalent for such names as Conchobar (Connor) and Blathmat (Blawma), especially when, as in the latter case, the sound of the name resembles that of the corresponding English term (*blawma* meaning 'bloom' or 'blossom'), and so furnishes an argument for the author's theory which every reader would understand. The article is illustrated from Gaelic ornaments and other sources. Mr. de Kay will find confirmation of his conjectures about Cuchulinn in Mr. Kennan's story of 'Gen. Kukushka' and the Russian convicts. 'Certain Forms of Woman's Work for Women,' especially those carried on by the Young Women's Christian Association of New York City, are written of by Helen Campbell. W. J. Stillman writes of Spinello Aretino to accompany a woodcut by T. Cole of part of an old fresco in the Campo Santo, Pisa: 'A Canadian View of the Relations of the United States and Canada' is by Charles H. Lugin. An excellent portrait of Corot at work, drawn by Wyatt Eaton, precedes an article on the great landscape-painter by M. G. van Rensselaer. It is rather a pity that the other illustrations after Corot's pictures were not done in the same manner—that is, in pen and ink. 'Gen. Lee after the War' is written of by Margaret J. Preston; and the fiction includes 'King Solomon of Kentucky,' a Southern character sketch by James Lane Allen.

In the 'Recollections of George W. Childs' which begin in this month's *Lippincott's*, Dr. O. W. Holmes figures in rolled-up trousers and slouched hat, splashing through Boston mud on a rainy day; Thurlow Weed as a discoverer of Roman antiquities in London; Paul B. du Chaillu as an importer of ebony; Longfellow as fastidious in the matter of writing-paper; and Washington Irving falling asleep after dinner. Lloyd Bryce's story, which begins the number, must be pleasant reading to Philadelphians, for it is 'A Dream of Conquest' of New York—by the Chinese. But it must be admitted that though a dream, there is a good deal of sound

senes in it. It is, we suppose, a fact that the Chinese war-vessels might sail through our fleet without deigning to pay any attention to it, enter the Lower Bay, pull up our torpedoes at their leisure, and bombard the city without running greater risks than those of being boarded from the decks of our river steamers or being forced temporarily out to sea by a flood of ignited petroleum. In a paper on 'Social Life under the Directory,' Anne H. Wharton discourses mostly of the scanty attire which was Greek only in so far as it was non-existent. It had, however, the merit of lightness, a heavy suit for a lady weighing about two pounds, jewels included. Joel Benton prosed 'About Rhymes'; Ella Wheeler Wilcox rhymes about 'Double Carnations'; J. K. Wetherill proclaims her preference for those characters in Shakspeare who say and do nothing, like Rogero in 'A Winter's Tale' and Violenta in 'All's Well that Ends Well.' R. H. Stoddard tells us what he remembers of Fitz-Greene Hallock and of the crudities of Grenville Mellen and the platitudes of Mrs. Signorey. He gives, by the way, a very good recipe for cheering up a forgotten poet. You have only to make casual allusions to his coral groves, gray forest eagles, and what not, and supply him plentifully with—let us say Apollinaris water. Halleck he thinks still worth reading for his sense. His faults are mainly technical.

In the June *Scribner's* a series of articles on 'Electricity in the Service of Man,' which promises to be highly interesting, is begun by C. F. Brackett. The introductory paper gives the necessary first notions of the nature of the force, so far as it is understood, and of the apparatus for measuring it, and of course abounds in definitions. It would be all the clearer, however, if there were a few more—for instance, of 'potential.' Among the electrical machines described and figured are Sir William Thomson's and Harris's electrometers, the Toeppler-Holtz electrical machine (generator), Wheatstone's balance, and Thomson's quadrant electrometer. There are portraits of Volta, Gericke, Dany, Gauss and Weber. The development of the slave-trade in Central Africa in recent years is the subject of an article by Prof. Henry Drummond, illustrated with a map showing the principal hunting-grounds in which the Arab traders are as yet uninterfered with. The striped bass is honored with an article by A. Foster Higgins, which describes, with the help of some fine wood-engravings, his haunts, his habits, his personal appearance and the best methods of capturing him. He is a lover of turbulent waters, and the pictures are consequently full of foam and spray. The safety and utility of building and loan associations are affirmed by W. A. Linn. The ragged and ruined Italian town of Castrogiovanni is written about and illustrated by A. F. Jacassy; and Eugene Schuyler's account of Tolstoi as he was twenty years ago is brought to a conclusion. The fiction consists of chapter VIII. of the 'The Master of Balantrae.' There are short poems by Margaret Crosby, Ellen Burroughs, Edith M. Thomas, Mary A. P. Stansbury, Mary Bradley, and Augusta Larned—quite a 'symposium' of 'poetesses'—set off with a plenty of head-pieces and tail-pieces, ornamental or illustrative. The frontispiece is a woodcut by Mr. Kingsley to illustrate Ellen Burroughs's 'Vespers.' The number and the volume is rounded out with a mildly philosophical article by P. G. Hamerton on no less a theme than the 'Past, Present and Future,' meaning the divisions of actual time, not the grammatical tenses.

The *Atlantic* for June has about equal shares of light and solid reading: that is, if we classify its contents in the usual manner, reckoning all fiction and poetry 'light' and all essays on serious subjects 'solid.' There are instalments of Henry James's novel, 'The Tragic Muse,' and of Edwin Lasseter Bynner's 'The Begum's Daughter,' the latter giving a lively description of how the Dutchmen of old New York received the news of King James's defeat and King William's installation. There is a good short story of mining-life, 'Bonny Hugh of Ironbrook.' The poetry of the number is sensuous in Edith M. Thomas's 'A World of Roses,' passionate in Walter Mitchell's 'The War-Cry of Clan Grant,' and musical in both. But the paper which is likely to give the most amusement as well as most information is Josiah Royce's 'Reflections After a Wandering Life in Australia.' Mr. Royce's conclusions about the future of that country may or may not be correct; but he has a decidedly clever way of presenting them. He shows us the foibles of the young Australian of the seaboard, his aggressive provincialism, his indifference to the outer world, its business, its quarrels, its literature and art, even greater than our own has ever been, his indisposition to reading and study, and his childish proneness to organize first and find work for his clubs, political parties and commercial companies afterwards. But these faults as well as his excessive devotion to out-door sports are but results of abundant energy with little, so far, for it to do. Mr. Royce foresees the time when it will have plenty of work in establishing an independent nationality and checking Chinese expansion in the

Pacific. He also gives a droll but still impressive picture of the old bushman, revering right and order but despising their legal representatives who always fall below his estimate of what they should be; and, for the rest, as impulsive, generous and aggressive, as satisfied with his ignorance and isolation, as his young fellow-citizen of the towns. Geo. Moritz Wahl describes the ultra-conservative, despotic organization of the German 'Gymnasium' or high school, and Horace E. Scudder writes temperately of certain questions of Church, State and School. Shorter articles of interest are Charles Eliot Norton's on 'Rawdon Brown and the Gravestone of Banished Norfolk,' and C. H. Toy's on the indebtedness to Persian and Hindoo sources of the Arabian compilers of 'The Thousand and One Nights.'

The controversialist tendencies of modern science are well illustrated in the current *Popular Science Monthly*. The opening paper by Prof. Andrew D. White is in continuation of his series of 'New Chapters in the Warfare of Science,' and deals with epidemics of 'possession,' and other more or less recent cases of 'diabolism,' including that of the Jansenist miracles at Paris, which, being stopped by the Government ordering the gates of the cemetery where they occurred to be closed brought out the celebrated couplet:

De par le Roi, défense à Dieu  
De faire des miracles dans ce lieu.

Prof. Huxley's agnosticism is defended by the Professor himself against the Bishop of Peterborough, and assailed anew by W. H. Mallock. Joshua F. Bailey writes of the so-called Christian Science, and the same subject is discussed in the Correspondence and in the Editor's Table. The practical article is on 'The Production of Beet Sugar,' by H. Almy. 'Fungi: Toadstools and Mushrooms' are described and illustrated by Prof. T. H. McBride. The glaciers of the Pacific coast form the subject of an illustrated article by Prof. G. F. Wright; and 'The Animal World of Well Waters' is discovered to us by Dr. O. Zacharias. The portrait and biographical sketch are of Prof. W. G. Sumner of Yale.

The June number, closing the twenty-first volume of *The Magazine of American History*, begins with an account of Iowa City, 'The Historic Capital of Iowa,' written by Mrs. Eva Emery Dye and illustrated with pictures of the old Capitol, now the State University, the Gov. Lucas Home, and the homestead of Gov. Samuel J. Kirkland. Another abundantly illustrated article is on the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, the oldest military organization in America, the offspring of the Hon. Artillery Company of London, 'the oldest military organization in the world,' according to C. E. S. Rasay, the author of the article. The 'Last Twelve Days of Major John André,' are written of by J. O. Dykman; 'Georgia and the Constitution,' by T. K. Oglesby; and 'The Evolution of the Constitution,' by C. Oscar Beasley. In the May issue of *Poet-Lore*, L. M. Griffiths assails Shakspeare's Romeo as a 'sentimental bore' and a 'very feeble youth.' Old Capulet is 'a tolerably worthy old man, . . . being harried into a premature senility.' The whole play is a homily, Mr. (or is it Miss?) Griffiths thinks, against the idiotic practice of falling in love with pretty faces. Mrs. S. W. Brooks of Cambridge writes of Gower, Lydgate, Surrey and some other 'Predecessors of Spenser.' In 'The Study' are questions and notes on 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' by Dr. Rolfe; and many pages are devoted to the doings and sayings of Shakspeare and Browning Societies.—No. 2 of the quarterly *Magazine of Poetry* contains portraits and short notices of Matthew Arnold, Edith M. Thomas, J. W. Todhunter, Maurice Thompson, Thos. B. Peacock and many other poets more or less known to fame, and selections of recent verse from Swinburne, Julian Hawthorne, Amélie Rives, Louise Imogen Guiney and others.

## The Lounger

America of Chicago pays one of its New York contemporaries the graceful compliment of calling the prospective monument to Washington in Washington Square 'THE CRITIC'S arch.' This would be more graceful and more complimentary if it were not coupled with a 'fling' at New York's disposition or ability to raise the fund necessary in order to carry out the idea. The Chicago journalist is thinking of the abortive attempt to build a monument to Grant—a monument, it should be remembered, concerning which no definite plan was ever authoritatively proposed, and which was to cost an immense sum of money without any guarantee of an adequate artistic result. The case of the Greeley statue for City Hall Park is alluded to, where seventeen years of canvassing have brought forth only \$10,000 to meet an estimated need of \$25,000. There is no parallel to be discovered here, however; for while it has taken seventeen years to raise two-fifths of the sum needed for the Greeley monument, two-fifths of the \$100,000 needed



for the Washington arch have been raised by popular subscription in little more than seventeen days. If *America* had read the weekly reports in these columns of the rapid growth of the arch fund, it would have saved itself the unpleasant task of throwing cold water on a praiseworthy and prosperous undertaking.

'THE OLD HOMESTEAD' has just closed a most successful season of forty weeks at the Academy of Music, whither it will return in September, no doubt to repeat its usual success. I must confess to being among the minority in my appreciation of this play. I would say even less than the minority, if I might use the expression, for I have only found two persons to share my opinion of this popular piece. Among those who like it are people of every taste and condition—country folks, worldlings, members of 'the four hundred,' clergymen, 'professionals,' statesmen and mere politicians. There seems to be no class that fails to find something attractive about 'The Old Homestead,' so that I am almost ashamed to say that I was frightfully bored by it. I see that the stage pictures are good; and I can understand why people who know New England farm-life well should be interested in it; but why people who have no farm memories to be awakened should find it interesting I cannot see. There is no plot; the dialogue is stupid; the situations impossible; the action childish. In the face of all this, people claim that it is 'so natural'! Denman Thompson looks natural enough, and nothing could be more natural than the way he washes his face and hands at the common basin in the back yard; but could anything be more unnatural than his conversation with the tramp, and the whole incident of the tramp, for that matter? Is it the usual thing in New Hampshire, I should like to know, for the farm-hands to assemble at the barn-door on their return from the fields and sing 'The Old Oaken Bucket'? or for a male quartet to sing 'Rock-a-Bye, Baby' when the farmer's wife is putting her infant to sleep? If it is, then farm-life in New Hampshire is much more picturesque than I had imagined it.

THEN THERE is a feature of this play that I cannot 'abide,' and that is to have the laughing led by the actors. There is a man called Henry who follows Uncle Josh through the play, and laughs uproariously at everything he says and does. He slaps his knee, and holds his side, and stuffs his handkerchief into his mouth, so convulsed is he by the old countryman's antics. I felt like hissing him off the stage as a public nuisance; but I suppose he is found to be acceptable to the vast audiences that flock to see the play, so he is retained to 'guffaw' at so much per week.

FROM Ridgewood, N. J., 'H. S.' writes to me as follows:—'A late number of *Harper's Weekly*, in an article headed "Washington as Lover and Poet," apparently proves to the satisfaction of the writer thereof, that the "Lowland beauty" mentioned in one of Washington's boyish letters was a Miss Betsey Fauntleroy, his first love. To strengthen this position, the following is printed as a poem written by Washington to his charmer.

From your bright sparkling Eyes I was undone;  
Rays you have more sparkling than the sun  
A midst its glory in the rising Day,  
None can you equal in your bright array;  
Constant in your calm and unspotted Mind,  
Equal to all, but will to none prove kind,  
So knowing, seldom one so Young, you'll find  
Ah! woe's me that I should love and conceal  
Long have I wished, but never dare reveal  
Even though severely Love's Pain I feel  
Xerxes that great, wan't free from Cupid's Dart,  
And all the greatest Heroes, felt the smart.

This, is, no doubt, sufficiently dreadful verse to have been written by Washington, or any other eighteen-year-old stripling, in love. But the question arises, Why should he, or any other youth in a similar predicament, write, in honor of any "Betsey," an acrostic on the name "Frances Alexa"? I pause for a reply.

PROF. HUXLEY has been induced by Louis Engel, once editor of the defunct *Arcadian* of this city and, later on, a member of the staff of Edmund Yates's *World*, to write his autobiography as one of a series of pamphlets called 'Our Celebrities.' It is needless to say that the result is highly interesting. Prof. Huxley was born at Ealing May 4, 1825, and christened Thomas Henry for no especial reason that he is aware of. Physically and mentally he is the son of his mother—so much so, indeed, that he has even inherited her tricks of gesture. From his father he got his tenacity of purpose, or what 'unfriendly observers sometimes call obstinacy.' When he was a mere boy, some medical students took Thomas Henry to a post-mortem examination, and there he laid the foundations of a disease that settled into hypochondriacal dyspepsia. He does not

know what caused the disease, for he had none of the symptoms of dissection-poison on leaving the room, though he remembers sinking into a strange state of apathy. The object of his life's work has been 'to promote the increase of natural knowledge and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life.' This he has sought to do, to quote his own words further, 'in the conviction that has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is, when the garment of makebelieve, by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features, is stripped off.'

THE SUN has shed no light but rather darkness visible upon a subject of importance to the Browning Society of Philadelphia and affiliated organizations. It said, recently, that the Society was 'in danger of crowding Shakspeare'; referring to the fact that in a recent issue of *Poet-Lore*, a Philadelphia magazine devoted to the study of both the great Elizabethan and the great Victorian, thirty-seven and a half pages were devoted to the latter and only twelve to the former dramatist. It was not the intention of the impartial luminary of Printing House Square to insinuate that the Brownings thought the poet of to-day a greater man than his illustrious forerunner, and were intentionally engaged in belittling the creator of Hamlet; but its meaning was misunderstood, and an informal trial of the case of Shakspeare vs. Browning enlivened the proceedings at the next meeting of the Society. Judge Willson appeared as advocate for the Elizabethan, prefacing his plea for the plaintiff by the unnecessary confession that 'if there is anything I know nothing about, it is Browning.' Having conscientiously made this admission, he supported it very conclusively by comparing the author of 'The Ring and the Book' with a kaleidoscope.

I have not seen one of late days, but when I was a boy I used to shake them occasionally. When you held them toward the light you would see something beautiful, but if you held them toward the darkness, or in their natural position, there was nothing to be seen. If you look at Browning through Shakspeare, you really will see something beautiful.

MISS COHEN, the Society's President, maintained that it was unprofitable to discuss the relative greatness of the two poets; but Prof. Hoxie, who held a brief for Browning, made a point which justifies the continued existence of the Browning Society, if only for the edification of such reactionary members as Judge Willson.

The spirit of the age, the influence of scientific discoveries, the nature of the problems which the searchers for truth have forced upon the human consciousness during these times, have driven Robert Browning to an attempt to solve questions that never presented themselves to William Shakspeare, inasmuch as they could not have presented themselves, because they were not present in his age.

Had Browning lived in Shakspeare's time, his work might possibly be less valuable to the reader of to-day; but so long as the Nineteenth Century needs an exponent, his place will be secure.

IF THE AUTOGRAPH of Ben. W. Austin were as valuable as some of those he must have amassed during several years of patient industry, I should have a priceless collection on my hands; for hardly a week passes that I do not receive one of his letters from some man or woman upon whom the 'Trinity Historical Society' has designs. Mr. Julian Hawthorne now writes:—'I enclose a communication, by which it appears that this enterprising person is on deck again. I believe you have already shown him up once; and I do not know how the good work can be continued better than by printing his effusions in your columns. This is the most impudent one I have yet received from him—and I have received several.' The accompanying 'effusion' runs as follows:

DEAR SIR: Have you letters or other papers signed by your Father and Mother and Sister Una, and by Robt Manning, that you would send us for our collection. Entire letters, written and signed, would be much appreciated, being more interesting than the signatures alone. Would very much like Photographs also, if they can be spared, and one of yourself, as well as your autograph.

There is something as stimulating and refreshing about this humble request as the native Dakotan finds in the breath of a new-born blizzard.

DR. HOLMES is quoted as saying: 'We have a large number of writers of verse—I refer to the rising generation of writers,—and it is very good verse too; but little—very little—of it rises to the scale of real poetry. It is not sufficiently striking to impress itself upon the world, to endure. The disposition is to indulge in the fanciful forms of verse, such as the sonnet, the triolet and the rondeau—all pretty enough in their way, but very few poems of this character have ever become immortal.'

### Boston Letter

I HAVE JUST heard of an event in the life of a distinguished English man-of-letters which is of especial interest for Americans from the fact of his having written the most valuable book on this country which has ever been published. Of course I refer to Prof. James Bryce, author of 'The American Commonwealth,' who is going to exchange his bachelor state for matrimony. The bride-elect is Miss Marion Ashton of Manchester, England. Prof. Bryce has previously kept house with his brother and sisters, and their hospitality is well known by many Americans. An especial interest attaches to the proposed marriage from the fact that Miss Ashton's mother was a Bostonian. The late wife of Sir Edwin Arnold, as I recalled in a previous letter, had also Bostonian affinities from her relationship to the Rev. Wm. H. Channing and Col. T. W. Higginson, and there seems to be a cumulative interest in the marriages of English authors of repute to superior representatives of American womanhood.

Although Boston women have not, like some of their New York sisters, been noted for capturing gay sprigs of the British nobility, some of them have secured matrimonial prizes in the aristocracy of culture as well as of social rank which are decidedly more valuable. I recall the marriage of Mrs. Ives, a daughter of the historian Motley, to Sir William Vernon-Harcourt as one which had a delightful union of all the qualities which can add to the satisfaction of an 'international marriage.' A pleasant flavor of literature and statesmanship is associated with that union; and I recall another which had similar associations. This was the marriage of Miss Mary Appleton (the only surviving sister of the noted wit whom his friends always referred to as 'Tom,' and a sister also of Mrs. Longfellow, wife of the poet) to Robert J. Mackintosh, son of the famous essayist, historian, and philosopher, and author of his Memoirs. He had a fine taste in art as well as in literature, and bought the so-called Orleans Madonna of Raphael, which was owned by Philippe Egalité, at the sale of the effects of Samuel Rogers the banker-poet, who had purchased it at the sale of the Duke of Orleans.

In Motley's Correspondence there is a charming account of Mackintosh's hospitality; and at his table it was that he first met Thackeray. Mackintosh was at one time Governor of St. Kitts, and it was the delight of 'Tom' Appleton to visit his sister's family abroad, or to have them visit Boston. I recall the fact that it was his liberal encouragement of Elise Hensler, the poor German girl who was a Bostonian by birth, that enabled her to make her appearance in grand opera in Europe as well as in this country, and thus led to her marriage to the late ex-King of Portugal, Ferdinand Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha. I do not know of any more ambitious marriage of a Bostonian than this, which admitted her name to that red-book of royalty, the Almanach de Gotha. I may add that the widow of the ex-King of Portugal is still living in her adopted country, where she has been visited by Boston members of her family.

Another marriage of a Boston woman has an interest beyond that of rank and title, for when Elizabeth Cary married Louis Agassiz there was a union of qualities such as are rarely found in merely aristocratic society. I think that the Life and Correspondence of her husband, which she edited, shows very clearly how much he owed to her sympathy and aid.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in preparation a volume entitled 'Wit and Wisdom of Howells,' similar in style to the one which they published of selections from Mrs. Stowe. As this firm now publish all of Mr. Howells's books, they have a wide range for the material for this volume. His literary industry is shown by the fact that there are twelve volumes of novels, eight of plays and poems, and six of travels and sketches. It is not every writer who appears to advantage in selections of this kind, but Mr. Howells bears the test remarkably well, and the delicate flavor of his wit and humor gives a peculiar charm to the volume.

It is an interesting illustration of the widespread popularity of 'Looking Backward,' Edward Bellamy's novel which has been made the basis of Nationalist clubs, that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are soon to bring it out in a German edition. The translation, which is nearly finished, is by Rabbi Schindler, the eminent Hebrew divine of this city. The sale of the book continues steady at the rate of about a thousand copies a week, and the fact that orders come from all parts of the country shows that it has struck deep into the feelings of the masses.

The subscriptions to 'The Genesis of the United States,' the historical work by Alexander Brown, have come in so satisfactorily that there is every reason to believe that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish it as proposed. Critical opinions as to the value of the book have been written by Charles Deane of Cambridge, Rear Admiral Jenkins, U. S. N., Prof. John B. Minor of the University of Virginia, Dr. J. A. Kingdon of London, and others.

In connection with their exhibit at the Paris Exposition, which has just been opened, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued a sheet about forty inches square containing a statement concerning the products of the Riverside Press. It is embellished with ornamental initial letters, and is a fine specimen of typography. The alcove of this firm at the Exposition, while showing the superior quality of their book manufacture, illustrates also the development of American literature during the last quarter of a century.

Little, Brown & Co. are to publish next week a volume entitled 'The World's Best Books,' by Frank Parsons, editor of Blackwell's 'Tax Titles,' and other well-known law-books. This book has grown out of the author's experience as a lecturer on literary subjects before various classes of readers, during which he has had inquiries for something new in the way of a guide. To meet this demand he gives tables of literature covering the best books in the different departments, by consulting which readers can ascertain how far along they are, and determine what course to pursue. The practical efficiency of this system has been tested by Mr. Parsons at his lectures, and the result has been satisfactory to his hearers and given great relief to him. He is an industrious and accurate editor, and his work is a notable addition to the best guides to books and reading.

About the same time Little, Brown & Co. will publish an *édition de luxe* of Samuel Warren's 'Ten Thousand a Year,' limited to 150 numbered copies, the popular edition being reserved for the autumn. A portrait of the author, finely etched by F. T. Stuart, will accompany this large-paper edition of the famous novel, which will be issued in three volumes, in half Roxburghe binding, uncut, with the crest and coat-of-arms of Tittlebat Titmouse, M. P., in gold upon the side.

At the same time this firm will publish J. B. Reid's 'Complete Concordance to the Poems and Songs of Robert Burns,' which comprises also a phrasebook and a dictionary.

Mr. Lowell's poem, 'How I Consulted the Oracle of the Gold-fishes,' will be the initial attraction of the August *Atlantic*. The conception is extremely ingenious, and the poem is full of those wise and striking thoughts and poetical felicities that we expect from the author, whatever his theme.

I hear that Mr. T. B. Aldrich will take his wife and two boys on a two months' vacation trip to England, sailing on June 26. He intends to settle down in lodgings in London, and finish a narrative poem of considerable length which he has had on hand for some time. This poem, which is to be published in the autumn, Mr. Aldrich has been unable to complete here from lack of leisure, and it is with the view of disconnecting himself from correspondence and other professional cares, that he seeks the seclusion of the great metropolis.

BOSTON, June 3, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

### The Evolution of a Newspaper Paragraph

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

IT IS UNSEEMLY in a man to appear to deride his own profession or calling, and in what I have here to say concerning the evolution and travels of a newspaper paragraph, let it be understood that I make a small contribution to the sum of human intelligence. Not every man knows how a travelling paragraph is evolved. I was in Washington when President Harrison was inaugurated, and one of the rainy afternoons of that moist period in our country's history was enlivened by converse with a young gentleman who 'writes for the editorial page' of the *New York World*. We exchanged information on a variety of subjects, and I innocently laid the foundation for the following paragraph which appeared in the *World* of March 7:

Noah Brooks and William D. Howells are among the few well-known writers who have learned to manipulate the typewriting machine. Mr. Brooks, who has been used to dictating his literary productions to a stenographer, now sits down to his typewriter and plays on the keys as he composes. He finds that this process saves a good deal of time.

Here, I thought, is fame—tardy but secure. I shall sail down the stream of time in the illustrious company of the great American novelist. If I cannot, myself, be great, I may be linked with those who are great, even by so humble an instrument as the type-writer. On the very same day, the *Paterson Press*, which is an evening paper and is printed within an easy distance of New York, uttered this:

Noah Brooks and William D. Howells are among the few well-known authors who use the typewriting machine. Mr. Brooks sits down and 'plays on the keys,' as he composes. It would be a curious study for some subtle critic to note how this form of composition affects the result. Every newspaper man who uses the typewriter knows that this convenient invention has its drawbacks. You don't see what you have written



for several sentences back, as you do with MS., and are more apt to lose your thread or repeat words.

The evolution had fairly begun. No newspaper divulged the paternity of the thing. On the 9th of the month, the *Scranton, Pa., Truth*, printed the following:

Noah Brooks and William D. Howells are among the writers who have learned to manipulate the typewriting machine. Mr. Brooks, who has been used to dictating his literary productions to a stenographer, now sits down to his typewriter and plays on the keys as he composes. He finds that this process saves a good deal of time.

The work was now well-nigh complete, and the paragraph was launched on the tempestuous sea of newspaper life. It next appeared in the *Manchester, N. H., Union*, March 10; in the *Waterbury, Conn., American*, March 11, in this maimed condition:

Noah Brooks is one of a very few writers who juggles the keys of his own typewriter, and he says the process saves a good deal of time.

But it resumed its giddy journey, March 11, in the *Indianapolis News*, with Howells restored to me. On the 12th, it appeared in the *Wilmington, Del., News*; on the 14th in the *Chicago Journal*; on the 15th in the *Baltimore Times*; on the 16th, synchronously, in the *Keokuk Democrat* and the *New York Star*, the latter paper apparently considering that the paragraph had been improved by travel. On the 17th of the month it turned up in the *San Francisco Morning Call*; on the 23d in the *Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin*, and also the *Wilkesbarre, Pa., News-Dealer* of the same date; on the 29th in the *Binghamton, N. Y., Leader* and the *Haverhill, Mass., Gazette*; on the 31st of March in the *Davenport, Iowa, Gazette*. This closed the record of a month, and with it came an application from the editor of a phonographic newspaper organ to furnish him (think of it!) with some account of my method of literary work. Next, the *Wilkesbarre, Pa., News-Dealer*, being evidently enamored of this paragraphic waif, reprinted it on April 2; then the *Troy, N. Y., Times*, critically striking out the word 'literary' before my 'productions,' printed it, April 6; and the *Boston Commonwealth*, on the same day, reproduced it in all its pristine purity.

About this time, happening into my club, I was cautiously approached by a member with the remark, 'I see that you use the type-writer in your composing.' This was the last feather, and if I should say that I used bad language then and there, I should do myself injustice. But I opened the sluice-gates of my vocabulary. My interlocutor explained that he had been in the interior of New York for a holiday and had read, with 'damnable iteration,' the Brooks-Howells type-writer paragraph in three local papers in one day, and, on returning to the city, found it printed in every newspaper he opened on the files of an advertising agency. Next day, this appeared in the *New York Star*:

Noah Brooks wishes he had never seen a typewriter, so common have become the newspaper paragraphs stating that he and Howells are the only prominent authors who use it in composing. As a matter of fact, many writers work the typewriter themselves in composing.

And on the 16th the *Waterbury American*, by way of showing remorse for its share in the evolution of the paragraph, printed this:

Noah Brooks does not enjoy the notoriety he has acquired as 'one of the few authors who do their own typewriting,' and says that as a matter of fact many writers work the little machine themselves in composing.

This seems to have stayed the flood; not wholly, however, for on the 16th of April, the *Charleston, S. C., News* and the *Elgin, Ill., News* reprinted the paragraph. The returns are not all in. The statement that I do not enjoy notoriety has yet to be heard from, and—harrowing thought!—that may have become a satellite of the original paragraph, revolving about its parent, in space, and daily enlarging its eccentric orbit.

NEWARK, N. J., MAY 31, 1889.

NOAH BROOKS.

### Walt Whitman's Seventieth Birthday

WALT WHITMAN'S seventieth birthday was celebrated by a dinner at Morgan's Hall, Camden, N. J., on Friday evening of last week, May 30. Covers were laid for about 125 friends and admirers of the poet, and although the state of his health forbade 'the good gray'—who is gray no longer, but snow-white—to partake of the feast, he was wheeled in, in the rolling-chair to which paralysis has confined him for many months, before the speaking began. Ill-health has borne heavily upon Mr. Whitman; he has long had a patriarchal appearance out of all proportion to his years, and now that he is actually a septuagenarian, he has the look of a man of more than eighty. His appearance at one of the long tables in Morgan Hall was the signal for a most cordial outburst of affectionate applause. He wore a bluish frock-coat, with a broad ruffled collar and laced ruffs at the sleeveholes instead of cuffs. His waist-coat and trousers were of a light gray homespun. On the back of

his rolling-chair was hung his broad-brimmed white Texan hat. Mr. Samuel H. Grey, who presided, introduced the guest of the evening as the most distinguished citizen, not only of Camden, but of New Jersey. It was expected that Mr. Whitman would respond to the toast 'Our Guest,' and so he did, though very informally, leaning forward in his chair and resting his elbows on the table before him. 'Following the impulse of the spirit (for I am at least half of "Quaker stock,"' he said, 'I have obeyed the command to come and look at you for a minute, and show myself, face to face, which is probably the best I can do. But I have felt no command to make a speech.' He said more than this, however, and talked freely with those about him.

Mr. Thomas Harned of Camden replied to the toast 'Our Fellow-Citizens'; Mr. Herbert Gilchrist, the artist—a son of the Mrs. Gilchrist who wrote 'A Woman's Estimate of Walt Whitman,'—spoke in behalf of 'Friends Across the Sea'; 'Past and Present' brought to his feet Mr. Francis Howard Williams of Camden; the Rev. Dr. John H. Clifford of the Germantown Unitarian Church spoke enthusiastically of Whitman as 'Poet and Prophet'; Judge Charles G. Garrison of Camden County spoke with great acuteness to the 'Law, Natural and Conventional'; Mr. E. Ambler Armstrong responded to 'The State.' Informal remarks were made by Mr. Richard W. Gilder and Mr. Julian Hawthorne, and letters were read from John G. Whittier, S. L. Clemens, 'Mark Twain,' Dr. Horace Howard Furness, George H. Boker, William D. Howells, Edmund C. Stedman, John Burroughs, John Habberton, Frank B. Sanborn and many others. Mr. Howells said:

I am too far away to be able to dine with you in celebration of the seventieth birthday of the great poet whom you share with the whole English-speaking world. But I am not too far to wish him through you health and larger and longer life. It will be a long life here in the memories of all who know how to value a liberator in any kind.

Mr. Whittier wrote as follows:

I have received thy kind letter and invitation to the proposed observance of Mr. Whitman's seventieth birthday. At my age and in my state of health I can only enclose a slight token of good will with the wish that he may have occasion to thank God for renewed health and many more birthdays, and for the consolation which must come from the recollection of generous services rendered to the sick and suffering Union soldiers in the hospitals of Washington during the Civil War.

In the longest letter of the evening, Mark Twain said, in part:

You have lived just the seventy years that are greatest in the world's history and richest in the benefit and advancement to its peoples. These seventy years have done much more to widen the interval between man and the other animals than was accomplished by any five centuries which preceded them. . . . Wait thirty years and then look out over the earth. You shall see marvels upon marvels added to those whose nativity you have witnessed, and conspicuous among them you shall see their formidable result—man at almost his full stature at last, and still growing visibly, growing while you look.

John Burroughs wrote at considerable length. He said:

I am with you in spirit on this occasion, if not in body. I should be with you in body also, but my body, these late years, is that of a farmer, reluctant to move, unused to festive halls and festive occasions, and mortgaged to a very exacting bit of land. But my heart is with you, and it is full of love for the glorious old poet whose seventieth birthday you have met to celebrate. There is no disguising the solicitude we have all felt about the state of his health the past year, and in view of this fact I think I may frankly congratulate you that you have come together to praise Cæsar, and not to bury him. . . . Old age may be a valley leading down and down, as it has been so often depicted, but I always think of Walt Whitman as on the heights, and when I make my annual or semi-annual pilgrimage to visit him, I always find him on the heights—at least never in the valley of doubt or despond or of spiritual decrepitude—always tonic and uplifting. Does he look like a man of valleys and shadows? Does he not rather look like a man of the broad high tablelands, where his spirit has always travelled, or of the shore where the primordial ocean has breathed upon him and moulded him? . . .

It is now twenty-five years since I first made the personal acquaintance of our poet, and over twenty years since I first used my pen in his behalf. The memory of those years, those years in Washington during the latter half of the War and later, I think will be the last to leave me. My life since then has been poor and thin in comparison. Those walks and talks, the great events that filled the air, Whitman in the pride and power of his manhood, the eloquent and chivalrous spirit of William D. O'Connor, so lately passed away, and whose presence among you to-day, as I knew him then, would be like music and banners, my own eager youth and enthusiasm—all combine to make those years the most memorable of my life. But they are gone; a quarter of a century has passed, O'Connor is no more; our good gray poet, whom he so gallantly defended, has reached his seventieth year, and I am sequestered here, on the banks of the Hudson, delving in the soil and trying to give the roots of my life a fresh start, looking wistfully to the past, hungering for the old friends of the old days, and regretting many things—among others,

regretting that I am not with you and sharing your festivities on this occasion.

### The Washington Memorial Arch

THE present month will doubtless see Mr. Stanford White engaged in the perfection of his plans for the permanent arch in Washington Square; for at a meeting of the Arch Committee held on Wednesday of last week, it was decided to authorize him to go ahead with the work as soon as \$50,000 should have been raised, and the fund is very rapidly nearing that figure. In the meantime the temporary arch is to be moved across Waverley Place from the lower end of Fifth Avenue to the upper side of the Square. This will aid the architect in his work, and also demonstrate the fitness of the latter location for a permanent site. It was announced at the meeting in question that arrangements would be made to enable the arch to be lighted by electricity when occasion should require. The Fellowship Club has opened a subscription-list to aid the fund.

The total amount received from May 8, when the Treasurer of the Arch Committee opened his books, to Wednesday, June 5, inclusive, was \$42,149.06. The individual subscriptions received since our last number went to press are as follows:

- \$372.74:—Society of Amateur Photographers.
- \$250 each:—David Stewart; John A. King; Hamilton Fish.
- \$100 each:—Lloyd Phoenix, Mrs. Francis H. Leggett and the Jordan L. Mott Iron Works (we recorded these last week as \$50 subscriptions); Mrs. J. W. Drexel; Woodbury G. Langdon; Phillips Phoenix; Mrs. M. B. Wheeler; The Misses Wheeler; Mrs. P. A. Morgan; Le Grand B. Cannon; R. H. Macy & Co.; Baker, Smith & Co.; Joseph Larocque; Robert L. Crawford; Mrs. W. P. Gurnee.
- \$70:—Columbia Grammar School. (Individual contributors of \$5 each were J. F. Brice, W. K. Brice, W. H. Schmidt, Sheppard Knapp, Jr., and H. P. Clausen.)
- \$50 each:—New York Quarry Co.; R. A. Gambrell; J. S. Coleman; employees in main office of Street Cleaning Department; James Sinclair & Co.
- \$25.20:—Employees of Thurber, Whyland & Co.
- \$25 each:—S. T. Hubbard; Anita Stewart; W. R. Stewart, Jr.; Miss Wilkes; Miss Grace Wilkes.
- \$20:—Miss Spring's School.
- \$16:—Sixteen nurses in Roosevelt Hospital.
- \$10 each:—W. B. Durand; John Cattnach; Dana Braman; Hayden Mfg Co.; James & Kirtland; Mrs. J. M. Kellogg; E. Morrison; Wm. W. Sharp. (We neglected in our first list to credit Karl Kron with a \$10 contribution.)
- \$5 each:—C. K., Jamaica, L. I.; P. C. Kingsland.

*The Evening Post* says of the movement now under way:

The very poor figure cut by New York city, considering its wealth and population, in the matter of public buildings and monuments has long been a matter of lamentation to every intelligent person who lives in it or cares for it. . . . We do not propose to-day to go into the causes of this poverty. They are numerous and varied, but any discussion of them would take us into the region of polemics. We wish simply to call attention to the fact that something, and not a little thing either, is being done to abate if not to remove this discredit, by putting into a permanent shape the beautiful arch which private liberality enabled Mr. Stanford White to erect at the lower end of Fifth Avenue for the Centennial celebration. . . . Considering the fortunes that have been made here, and how little they have as yet done for the beauty or commodity of the city, the wonder is that such a scheme should have to wait a week for the means of accomplishment. It is not often that a plan of this kind presents itself in such good shape. Usually, when a public monument is proposed, the design has still to be procured and fought over. Here we have it all ready, with its beauty and suitability patent to every eye. There is no question in any quarter about its artistic merit. There is none, we are sure, to any historical imagination about its memorial merit. It would be a really glorious reminder of the greatest man of the English-speaking world on the spot which witnessed the consummation of his toils and triumphs; the man who, as Macaulay has observed, united Cromwell's blazing courage with Hampden's sobriety, self-command, perfect soundness of judgment, and perfect rectitude of intention, and whose whole career strengthened every man's faith in the future of human society.

### The Fine Arts

#### Art Notes

MR. WHATT EATON has received from M. Charles Millet a photograph of a large, unfinished painting of 'Hagar and Ishmael,' by his father, J. F. Millet. The picture was begun, it seems, just after the artist's removal to Barbizon; but becoming disgusted at his ill success in disposing of his paintings of similar subjects, he coated it over with some preparation to receive another subject, then laid it aside and forgot it. It was only recently brought to light in a general clearing up of the studio. The photograph has been on exhibition for a few days at Avery's Fifth Avenue Gallery. Both figures are nude and of the size of life.

—A large etching by R. de Los Rios after a painting by Pasini is shown at Keppel's gallery. It is entitled 'Curiosity.' A crowd of Venetians of all classes, priests, gondoliers, market-women and children are hurrying to the parapet of a bridge to see something in an approaching gondola of which only the prow is visible in the picture. There is a good deal of merit in the action and grouping of the numerous figures.

—Mr. Siddons Mowbray has completed for the new summer clubhouse of the New York Athletic Club on Travers Island, in Long Island Sound, at Pelham, N. Y., a large decorative panel which is to go above the mantelpiece in the hall. The subject, in commemoration of the time of opening of the new building, is 'The Month of Roses.' Four lovely girls in classical tunics, light of texture and bright of hue, are gathering the flowers. The panel is oblong. The general tone of the hall will be given by the woodwork of dark polished oak, and the picture being in a very high key will almost have the effect of a window opening on a classic summer landscape. It is presented by Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, who is a member of the Club's Committee on Art.

—Says *The Pall Mall Gazette*:

Everybody is talking just now of the 'Titianesque' glory in the flesh painting in Mr. Watts's 'Fata Morgana' in the New Gallery, and the general chorus is one of surprise that so luminous and golden a color could have resulted from the few years during which that portion of the picture has been painted. . . . Mr. Watts's practice has always been to begin a picture without the intention of finishing it right off, preferring to set it on one side after it has been flatted in, in fresco-like manner. Then, after a time—a few years, perhaps,—when the medium has entirely dried out of it, he takes it up again and paints on this surface. In the present case, it hung unnoticed in his gallery for years, when last September he had it thoroughly cleaned, and then began to paint on a surface he had not touched, if I am not mistaken, since 1847—before he had left Italy! The whole of the flesh-painting, which has received such high praise, is last year's work.

—Mr. James W. Ellsworth has offered through the Art Institution of Chicago a prize of \$300 for the best oil-painting by a living American.

—The *Times* makes this pertinent suggestion:

The need of an offset against the Academy of Design which shall act the part of competitor and be in friendly opposition is so great that steps ought to be taken to strengthen the Society of American Artists in such fashion that it can hold exhibitions annually in a good building. If the Art Students' League, the Salmagundi Club, the Painters in Pastels, and other small art societies should make common cause with the Society of American Artists, something effective might be the result.

—No American has received a medal at this year's Salon, and in each of the three divisions of the Beaux Arts, 'honorable mention' only is accorded to an American. The recipients of this distinction are Miss Mariette Cotton, for a portrait; Frederick MacMonies, a pupil of the sculptor St. Gaudens, for his 'Diana'; and Whitney Warren of New York, for architectural designs and sketches. It is long since American art has fared so badly at the Salon. Two explanations are possible. If the exhibit is really a poor one, the sending of American works to the art show in connection with the Exposition may account for the fact. If it is a good one, the scant credit it has received may be due to the growing irritation of the French at the return of our prohibitive art tariff makes for the courtesy and substantial kindness American artists have received during so many years from the French authorities.

—The representative members of the National Academy of Design, American Water-Color Society, Salmagundi Club, Architectural League, Free Art League, Society of Decorative Art and the Art Committees of the Union League and Athletic Clubs, appointed as a committee to conduct the preliminary work of a proposed national art congress, have issued a first prospectus and circular to the art organizations of the whole country, asking them to send delegates to such a congress to be held at Chicago in the fall. The topics to be discussed are various, and relate to art education; legislation affecting public works, the tariff on art ob-



jects, and a National Bureau of Art; art exhibitions; and the relation of art to industry and manufactures. The present address of the persons having the matter in charge is 'New York Committee on Organization of the Art Congress of the United States, General Post Office, New York, N. Y.'

—The July number of *The Magazine of Art* will contain a portrait, by the impressionist painter John S. Sargent, of the impressionist singer George Henschel; and an etching by Daniel Morand of Rembrandt's Family Portrait.

—Estes & Lauriat, Boston, are to be the American publishers of the annual photogravure record of the Paris Salon, whose text will this year be Englished.

### Motley's Advice to a Would-be Historian

WE EXTRACT the following passages from a letter written by John Lothrop Motley to a correspondent with whom he was unacquainted. The gentleman has consented to its publication in the Easy Chair of *Harper's* for June. The letter is dated 'Vienna, April 4, 1864.'

You state your age to be twenty, so that you have a whole lifetime before you, for I earnestly recommend you not to begin to write any serious historical work before you have attained the age of thirty.

As you are a graduate of a university, I assume that you are sufficiently familiar with Latin to read it without difficulty. I would advise you, however, to read the Latin historians, especially Livy and Tacitus, with whom you should make yourself familiar in the original. Without facility in Latin it would be impossible to study thoroughly any branch of history, ancient or modern. You say that you are studying German, in which you are quite right. I consider the knowledge of that language, as well as of French and Italian, to be indispensable in the profession which you have chosen. It would depend upon the subject that you might ultimately select whether other modern languages might not become necessary, but those three are necessities of life. You say that you have 'read a good deal of general and special history, but in a desultory and consequently useless manner.' You add that your 'idea has been to get a good knowledge of general history, and then, deciding upon some popular subject, give that special attention.'

I don't know that you could have marked out a better path for yourself. Your reading will cease to be desultory if you pursue the plan thus indicated by yourself. In reading general history I would advise the study of such works as John von Müller's 'Universal History' in 3 volumes, Carl von Rotteck's 'World History' in 9 volumes; Herder's 'Philosophy of Human History,' Pritchard's 'Natural History of Man,' Buckle's 'History of Civilization,' Guizot's 'History of Civilization.'

As to special history, I should be inclined rather to direct your attention to that of the last three and a half centuries. The events and the characters of the period since the rediscovery of America may be studied with more minuteness and exactness than those of more distant epochs can be, and their bearing on our own times is more direct and apparent.

I would advise you from time to time to try your hand at historical and biographical essays, resuming the philosophy of some particular period or painting some prominent individualities. Such papers might be published in the reviews and magazines of the day, and would be good practice for you in study and in style.

You ask me to suggest a subject for a historical work, but this is an impossibility. The subject *must* suggest itself to the author. Unless after much pondering and hard study you find yourself strongly drawn to some special epoch or train of events, you could hardly expect to be guided anywhere by an external impulse.

You ask, further, if there is in European history any subject yet public property that might be made an appropriate and interesting theme? And I answer that all history is public property. All history may be rewritten, and it is impossible that with exhaustive research and deep reflection you should not be able to produce something new and valuable on almost any of them. For instance, I am myself about to engage in the history of the 30 years' war of Germany, on which whole libraries have been written; yet I hope to find out something new as to facts and something fresh in portraiture and in moral worthy of the public attention.

It should never be forgotten, moreover, that we are Americans, and that European history for Americans has to be almost entirely rewritten. Hitherto it has been the task of historians to write the eulogy of kings and princes and to make them the prominent objects in human history. This is not our task, and the monarchical creed is not ours either in literature or politics.

J. L. MOTLEY.

### Notes

'THE WRONG BOX,' by Robert Louis Stevenson, will be published almost immediately by the Scribners. The tale is said to be entirely outside the lines along which, hitherto, Mr. Stevenson's genius for story-telling has manifested itself. It deals mainly with the astonishing adventures of a young man in his attempts to secure the fruits of a Tontine life-insurance policy. The collaboration of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, the romancer's stepson, will enable the publishers to protect the book by copyright.

—James Russell Lowell will, it is said, reoccupy Elmwood, the Lowell homestead at Cambridge, Mass., on his return from England in the fall. Mrs. Edward Burnett, Mr. Lowell's only daughter, will make her home with her father at 'Elmwood,' as her two sons are to enter Harvard, and she wishes to be near them.

—*Harper's Weekly* next week will be largely devoted to illustrations from drawings made at the scenes of the disaster in Pennsylvania. W. A. Rogers, one of the special artists sent out by the *Weekly*, was among the first representatives of the press to reach Johnstown. Theodore Child will begin in *Harper's Bazar* on June 14 a series of papers on 'The Art of Delicate Feasting.' Col. Richard M. Johnston will tell in *Harper's Young People* on June 11 the remarkable story of Alexander H. Stephens and his dog Rio. For three successive months *Figaro* has given extended notices of articles in *Harper's Monthly*. Another Paris paper, the *Revue Illustrée*, printed a complete translation of Mr. De Blowitz's interesting 'Chapter from my Memoirs.'

—Messrs. Putnam will issue at once the first two volumes of Theodore Roosevelt's historical work, 'The Winning of the West.'

—During the past year, the late William Leonard Gage, D.D., of Hartford, besides attending to his church work and delivering lectures, prepared a Goethe Calendar, edited a text-book on the Second Part of 'Faust,' and wrote all but one chapter of a life of Queen Louisa of Germany.

—Lord Tennyson recently sent to the Gordon Home at Manchester, for the use of the boys, the full musical score of his national song, 'Hands All Round.' Lady Emily Tennyson, in her letter conveying the gift, said: 'Lord Tennyson gains strength but slowly; still he can walk a little now and take short drives. We hope to be able to go to a warmer climate before long.' Some time ago Lord Brassey placed the Sunbeam at Tennyson's disposal, and two or three weeks ago he set sail from Yarmouth. He wished to touch at various Spanish ports, but his physicians advised him to confine his cruise to the English Channel.

—Robert Buchanan has arranged Scott's 'Marmion' for the stage, without sacrificing the metrical form of the original.

—A Life of Arthur Hugh Clough is being written by an eminent divine, Prof. Palgrave's memoir, excellent as it is, being thought an insufficient monument to a man who, according to Mr. Lowell, will be thought a hundred years hence to have given the truest expression in verse of the moral and intellectual tendencies, the doubt, the struggle towards settled convictions, of the period in which he lived.

—*The Athenæum* learns that the vessel carrying the whole edition of the last volume of the Report of the Challenger expedition has been wrecked on its way from Edinburgh, and the edition lost.

—The Directors of *The American Garden* have incorporated the Garden Publishing Company, Limited. Lawson Valentine, President of the Christian Union Company and a member of the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is its President, and Charles Barnard its Vice-President; John De Wolf, Secretary, and Edgar H. Libby, Treasurer. Prof. L. H. Bailey, of the new horticultural department at Cornell University, is also one of the Directors.

—A translation of Lord Beaconsfield's letters to his sister has just been published in Paris.

—Besides the \$400,000 which we reported last week as having been raised for Lake Forest University, \$100,000 will be given by a citizen of Chicago who offered, some time since, to contribute the last fifth of a fund of half a million. Lake Forest is now richer by \$700,000 than it was three years 'ago, and Chicago is justly proud of the growth in wealth and grace of its home University.

—Eugene Field is not a believer in the efficacy of a 'literary atmosphere.' In the *Chicago News* he writes of it thus disrespectfully:

Francois Villon did not find the noise and hurry of Paris fatal to literary inspiration; Horace's best work was done evidently after a fortnight's whirl in Rome; Dumas, Hugo and Balzac contrived to make a go of literature in the very midst of the busy French capital; Shakspeare found London a pleasant place to work in, and in that enormous town Dickens and Thackeray did a great deal of admirable writing; old Chaucer managed to grind out a vast amount of good literature amid

the environments of a whirling and frivolous court. These geniuses made their own atmosphere; they did not feel compelled to forage around like a man with one lung on a hunt for ozone. . . . The saddest thing about all this atmosphere heresy is that this heresy induce and encourages writing on the part of a great number of peaceful idiots who have no qualification whatever for writing except that atmosphere which another has made, and which they, fool-like, have invaded. We think that the atmosphere heresy is largely responsible for the vast amount of wretched stuff that is annually spawned in this country in the name of literature.

—Vizetelly, the London publisher who has been imprisoned for selling Zola's books, is ill in the jail hospital.

—Mr. Joseph Pulitzer is understood to be the 'quiet-looking elderly man' who called on Superintendent Jasper recently, and proposed to assist boys from the public schools in getting a college education. Mr. Pulitzer will give each boy selected by the committee \$250 a year. Twelve will be assisted each year until sixty have entered college.

—Lady Colin Campbell is said to have written a novel dealing with political and journalistic life in London, which she expects soon to see through the press.

—Of Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd's recent novel, *The Athenæum* says:

'Glorinda' is one of the better sort of minor American novels. It does not aim at much originality or attempt to illustrate any intricacy of human nature, but in an unpretentious way it gives some vivid pictures and shows the result of labor in the virgin soil which many American novelists neglect. No one can read the book without finding something to add to his knowledge of American life. The author has a genuine gift of originality in the presentation of details.

—*Current Literature* is just a year old, and claims to be 'healthy and prosperous—fairly on its feet.' It certainly does not present the appearance of a magazine that is worrying about ways and means to meet a monthly deficit.

—Dr. William C. Winslow writes to us that the work of the Egypt Exploration Fund at Bubastis has drained its treasury, and that he is under the necessity of raising \$5000 for next season's work. A \$25 subscription makes one a patron; and one of \$5 entitles the donor to receive the illustrated quarto volume of the season, the annual report containing lectures, etc. Dr. Edwards will give illustrated lectures on Bubastis and the other scenes of the Fund's explorations, during her visit here next winter. Dr. Winslow's address is 525 Beacon Street, Boston.

—*The Athenæum*, always generous in the matter of space in its treatment of Mr. Swinburne, devotes more than three pages to a highly laudatory review of the third series of his 'Poems and Ballads.'

—From Dallas, Texas, we have received the second number of *The Round Table*, a monthly journal devoted to the interests of women, of which Mrs. George W. Grove is editor. The magazine is small but readable, and seems to be healthy rather than hysterical in tone, thus avoiding a fault too often noted in journals having the same object in view.

—A bibliography of George Meredith's writings, prepared by J. Lane, is announced in London as part of a volume of essays on that writer as a novelist and poet, by Mr. Le Gallienne.

—A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, will publish at once 'How They Kept the Faith,' a tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc, by Grace Raymond. 'While care has been taken to preserve the integrity of the historical part of the narrative, we are told the plot is not clogged with historical explanations, but the character of the times is left to reveal itself in the incidents described.' Messrs. Randolph announce also 'Unknown Switzerland,' by Victor Tissot, translated by Mrs. Wilson; 'Fishin' Jimmy,' by Annie Trumbull Slosson, with illustrations; a new illustrated edition of 'Stepping Heavenward,' by Mrs. E. Prentiss; and 'The Imitation of Christ,' by Thomas à Kempis, 'now for the first time set forth in rhythmic sentences, according to the original intention of the author,' with a preface by the translator and an introductory note by Canon Liddon of St. Paul's.

—'Follies, Foibles, and Fancies of Fish, Flesh, and Fowl,' a small quarto collection of amusing pictures of animal life, about to be brought out by Frederick Warne & Co., is the work of the son of Birket Foster.

—The *Tribune* makes this interesting announcement:

Mr. Frank Van der Stucken has completed all the arrangements that are to be made here, and will sail to-day [May 29] to do what is necessary in order to give a concert of music by American composers in Paris. That the concert will be given is therefore no longer open to doubt. The engagement of the Trocadero for the Fourth of July, if possible, the hiring and training of the orchestra, and the selection of a singer from

among those who have recently directed attention to the excellence of American singers abroad, are the labors which remain to be performed before the concert in Paris. The program has been arranged except so far as two sets of songs are concerned. The solo performers are to be Mr. E. A. MacDowell, a New Yorker, now living in Boston, who will play his own concerto in D minor, and Mr. Willis Nowell, violinist, of Boston. The principal features of the program will be these:

Overture, 'Melpomene'.....G. W. Chadwick.  
Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2.....E. A. MacDowell.  
Suite, 'The Tempest'.....F. Van der Stucken.  
Overture, 'In The Mountains'.....Arthur Foote.  
Romance and Polonaise, for violin and orchestra.....H. H. Huss.  
'An Island Fantasy'.....J. K. Paine.  
Overture, 'The Star-Spangled Banner'.....Dudley Buck.

—Mr. Spencer Blackett, the London publisher, intends to publish a cheap edition of Mrs. Walford's novels, commencing with 'Mr. Smith: a Part of his Life,' to appear early in June. Each volume will contain an etching from a picture engraved on steel in Paris.

—The American Baptist Publication Society of Philadelphia have just published 'Bert Lloyd's Boyhood,' by J. Macdonald Oxley of Ottawa—the first book of a frequent contributor to the magazines. Its purpose is to interest boys between seven and sixteen years of age.

—Apropos of THE CRITIC'S announcement of Sir Edwin Arnold's expected visit to this country at the invitation of Harvard College, a writer in the Boston *Transcript*, who met the poet-editor in London three years ago, prints the following:

Any one who expects to see in Sir Edwin Arnold a man who suggests the wild romance of his poetry will be disappointed. He is quite small, with a very thin face, the most striking feature of which is a long nose, which gives him a somewhat Jewish cast of countenance. His beard is iron-gray and thin, and he brushes it out from his chin. My impression is that he is bald, but I cannot speak with certainty on this point, for he wore a skull-cap all the evening. Sir Edwin is an amiable gentleman and a clever journalist, as well as a poet. It was, however, his poetry that made him famous. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, by the way, owns the original manuscript of 'The Light of Asia,' which was presented to him by Sir Edwin, a short time after the book was published.

—No. 343 Madison Avenue, between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Streets, has been leased for the uses of Barnard College, the women's annex to Columbia, and will be ready for occupancy by Sept. 15.

## The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### ANSWERS

1428.—As offering further information on a subject that has already brought out several contributions to the Free Parliament, I venture to send the following: The word *survageous* (pronounced *sur-vag-rous*) is in use in some parts of Vermont. In the Battenkill Valley, my old home, it is frequently heard in the mouths of rather illiterate people. The meaning it seems to convey is violent, severe. That part of Vermont was mainly settled originally from Connecticut.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

A. G. S.

## Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Burroughs, John. *Indoor Studies*. \$1.25.....Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Burnett, Frances Hodgson. *Vagabondia*. 50c.....Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Cicero's Brutus. Ed. by Martin Kellogg. \$1.35.....Boston: Ginn & Co.  
Electoral Reform.....Society for Political Education.  
Finke, John. *Beginnings of New England*. \$2.....Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Gilmore, James R. *Last of the Thorndikes*. 50c.....American News Co.  
Hannak, E. *Training of Teachers in Austria*.....College for Training of Teachers.  
Holden, Warren. *Spiritual Evolution*.....Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.  
Howard, George E. *Local Constitutional History of the U. S. Vol. I*. \$1.  
Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University.  
Howe, W. W. *Municipal History of New Orleans*. 25c.  
Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University.  
Montague, F. C. *Arnold Toynbee*. 50c.....Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University.  
Moses, B. *Establishment of Municipal Government in San Francisco*. 50c.  
Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University.  
Pendleton, Louis. *In the Wire-Grass*. 75c.....D. Appleton & Co.  
Political Orations, from Wentworth to Macaulay. Ed. by Wm. Clarke. 40c.  
T. Whitaker.  
*Popular Science Monthly, The*. Vol. XXXIV. (Nov., 1888-April, 1889.) \$3.50.  
D. Appleton & Co.  
Rosen, Lew. *Grisette: A Tale of Paris and New York*. 50c.....John Delany.  
Souvestre, E. *Le Mari de Mme. de Solange*. Ed. by O. B. Super. 20c.  
Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.  
Thompson, Joseph. *Travels in the Atlas and Southern Morocco*. \$3.  
Longmans, Green & Co.  
Trent, W. P. *English Culture in Virginia*. \$1.  
Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University.